

The History of

for sweet *Iacke Falstaffe*, kind *Iacke Falstaffe*, true *Iacke Falstaffe*, valiant *Iacke Falstaffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as he is old *Iacke Falstaffe*, banish not him thy *Harries* company, banish not him thy *Harries* company; banish plump *Iacke*, and banish all the world.

Prin. I doe, I will.

Enter Bardoll running.

Bar. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Shrieve, with a most monstrous Watch is at the doore.

Fals. Out you rogue, play out the play. I have much to say in the behalfe of that *Falstaffe*.

Enter the Hostesse.

Hos. O Jesu, my Lord, my Lord!

Fals. Heigh, heigh, the Divell rides upon a Fiddle-sticke, what's the matter?

Hos. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the dore, they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

Fals. Dost thou heare, *Hall*? never call a true peece of Gold, a Counterfeit, thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

Prin. And thou art a naturall Coward, without instinct.

Fals. I deny your Major; if you will deny the Sherife, so, if not let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up: I hope I shall as soone be strangled with a Halter as another.

Prin. Go hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest walke up above. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

Fals. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

Prin. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prin. Now master Sherife, what is your wil with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men unto this house.

Prin. What men?

Sher. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a grosse fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not heere, For I my selfe at this time have employed him:

Henry the

And Sherife, I will ingage me That I will by to morrow deliver him. Send him to answer thee or a For any thing he shall be charged And so let me intreate you leave.

Sher. I will, my Lord, there Have in this robbery lost 3000

Prin. It may be so: if he have He shall be answerable: and I

Sher. Good night, my noble

Prin. I thinke it is good morrow

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I thinke

Prin. This oyle rascall is knave him forth.

Peto. *Falstaffe*? fast asleepe like a horse.

Prin. Harke how hard he f He searcheth his pockets,

Prin. What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my

Prin. Let's see what be the

Item a Capon

Item sawce

Item Sacke, two gallons

Item Anchoves and Sacke after

Item bread

O monstrous, but one halfe pe rable deale of Sacke! What the at more advantage, there let him in the morning. We must all to be honorable. I'll procure this I know his death will be a man shall be payed backe againe wi times in the morning, and so go

Peto. Good morrow, good

Enter Hotspur, Worcester,

Owen Gl.

Mor. These promises are fa

And